

A
Most pleasant Co-
medie of *Mucedorus* the kings
sonne of *Valentia* and *Amadine*
the Kings daughter of *Arragon*,
with the merie conceites
of *Mouise*.

Newly set forth, as it hath bin
sundry times plaide in the ho-
norable Citty of London.

Very delectable and full
of mirth.



LONDON
Printed for *William Iones*, dwel-
ling at Holborne conduit, at
the signe of the Gunne.
1598.

Eight persons may easily play it.

The King and } } *for one.*
Rombelo.

Mucedorus the prince } } *for one.*
of Valensia.

Amadine the Kinges } } *for one.*
daughter of Arragon.

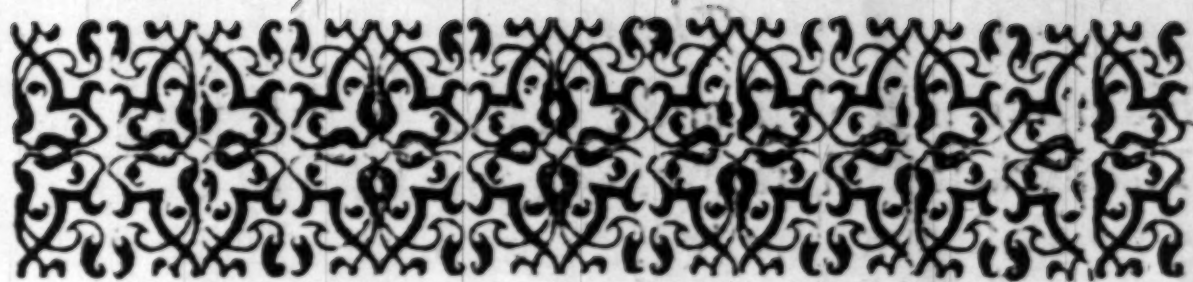
Segasto a Noble } } *for one.*
man.

Enuie: Tremelio a Captaine, } } *for one.*
Bremo a wilde man.

Comedy, a boy, an ould woman, } } *for one.*
Ariena Amadines maide.

Collen a Counseller, } } *for one.*
A messenger.

Moose the Clowne. } } *for one.*



A most pleasant Co- medie of *Mucedorus* the Kings sonne of Valentia, and *Amadine*, the kings daughter of Arragon.

*Enter Comedie ioyfull with a garland of
baies on her head.*



Hy so? thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable,
Comedie play thy part, and please,
Mak merry them that come to ioy with
thee:

Ioy then good gentilles, I hope to make you laugh,
Sound forth *Bellonas* siluer tuned strings.
Time fits vs well, the daie and place is ours.

*Enter Enuie, his armes naked besmearede
with bloud*

En. Nay staie minion, there lies a block.
What al on mirth; Ile interrupt your tale.
And mixe your musicke with a tragick end.

Co. What monstrous vgly hagge is this,
That dares controwle the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt churlish curre, besmearede with gorie bloud,
That seemst to check the sweete *Bellonas* bright light,
And stifle the so-
Az

The Comedie

Blush, monster blush, and post away with shame,
That seekest disturbance of a goddesse deedes.

En. Post hence thy selfe, thou counterchecking trul,
I will possesse this habiter spite of thee
And gaine the glorie of thy wished porte,
Its thunder musicke shall appale the nimphe,
And make them sheuer their clattering strings:
Flying for succour to their danes caues.

Sound drummes within and crie stab stab.

Hearken, thou shalt hear a noise
Shall fill the aire with a shrilling sound,
And thunder musicke to the gods aboue:
Mars shall himselfe breathe downe
A peerelesse crowne vpon braue enuies head,
And raise his chiual with a lasting fame
In this braue musicke *Emmie* takes delight,
Where I may see them wallow in there blood,
To spurne at armes and legges quite shiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thousand slaine,
How likst thou this my trull, this sport alone for mee?

Co. Vauit bloodie curte, nurst vp with tygers sapp,
That so dost seek to quail a womans minde,
Comedie is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe,
Thou bloodie, Enuious, disdainer of mens ioye,
Whose name is fraught with bloodie stratagemes,
Delights in nothing but in spoyte and death,
Where thou dost see their hearts within their warme blood,
And see their bodies in thy fawced pawes:

Yet

of Macedorus

Yet vaile thy mind, reuenge thou not on mee,
A silly woman begs it at thy hands,
Giue me the leaue to viter out my play,
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not death amongst pleasing comedies,
That treats naught els but pleasure and delight.
If any sparke of humane rests in thee,
Forbeare, be gon, tender the suite of mee.

En. Why so I wil, forbearance shall be such
As trouble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourne where most thou ioiest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methodes in a sea of bloud:
This will I doe, thus shall I beare with thee
And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,
I will with threatnes of bloud begin thy play:
Fauoring thee with enuie and with hate.

Co. Then vgly monster doe thy worst;
I will defend them in despite of thee:
And thought thou thinkst with tragick fumes
To braue my play vnto my deepe disgrace:
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse:
From tragick stufte to be a pleasant comedie.

En. Why then ~~Comedie~~ send thy actors forth
And I will crosse the first steps of their tread:
Making them feare the verie dart of death.

Co. And Ile defend them mangre all thy spite
So vgly fiend I reuell, tell time shall serue,
That we may meete to pake for the beste.

En. Content ~~Comedie~~, Ile goe spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious tree.

Shall

The Comedie

Exit. Shall proue to monsters, spoiling of their ioyes.

Enter Segasto running and Amadine after him, being persued with a beare

Se. Oh fly Madam, fly or els we art but dead.

Ama. Help Segasto help, help swet Segasto or ele I die.

Segasto runnes away.

Alas madam, there is no way but flight,
Then hast and saue your selfe.

Ama. Why then I die, ah helpe me in distresse,

Enter Mucedorus like a shepheard with a sworde drawne and a beares head in his hande.

Ms. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaide,
That cruell beast most mercelesse and fell,
Which haue bereaued thousands of their liues,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his praie,
Prolonging thus his life by others death,
His carcasse now lies headlesse void of breth.

Ama. That fowle deformed monster is he dead?

Ms. Assure your selfe thereof; behould his head;
Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your maiestie.

Ama. Thankes worthy shepheard, thanks a thousand times

This gift assure thy selfe contents me more,
Then greatest bountie of a mighty prince:
Although he were the monarch of the world,

Ms.

Mu. Most gracious goddesse, more then mortal wight,
Your heavenly hewe of right imports no lesse,
Most glad am I in that it was my chance,
To vndertake this enterprise in hand.

Which doth so greatly glad your princely minde.

Ama. No goddesse sheheard, but a mortall wight
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest:

My father heere is king of Arragon.

I *Amadine* his only daughter am:

And after him sole heire vnto the crowne,

Now where as it is my fathers will,

To mary me vnto *Segasto*,

On whose welth through fathers former vsury

Is knowen to be no lesse then woonderfull,

We both of custome oftentimes did vse,

Leauing the court to walke within the fieldes,

For recreation esecially the spring,

In that it yelds greate store of rare delights:

And passing further then our wonted walkes,

Scarfe were entred within these lucklesse woods,

But right before vs downe a steepe fall hill

Amonstrous vgly beare did hie him fast,

To meete vs both, I faint totell therest,

Good shepherd, but suppose the gastly lookes,

The hiddious feares, the thousand hunderd woes,

Which at this instant *Amadine* susteind.

Mu. Yet worthy princes let thy sorrow cease,

And let this fight your former ioyes reuiue.

Ama. Beleeue me sheheard so it doth no lesse.

Mu. Long may they last vnto your hearts content.

Buttell me Ladie what is become of him,

Segasto calld, what is become of him?

Ama. I knowe not I, that knowe the powers diuine

The Comedie

But God graunt this that Sweet *Segastoline*,

Mu. Yet heard harted he in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight:

And leaue so braue a princeesse to the spoyle

Ama. Well shepheard for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy selfe to set me free:

Vnrecompensed sure thou shalt not be

In court thy courage shalbe plainly knowne:

Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,

To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:

And that thy courage may be better knowne.

Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast

In open sight to euerie courtiers viewe

So will the king my father thee rewarde.

Come lets away, and guard me to the court.

Mu. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto solus.

Se. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,

Tis time as then, some say to looke about,

And so ensuing harmes to choose the least:

But hard, yea haplesse is that wretchesse chaunce,

Lucklesse his lot and caytiffe like a courste,

At whose proceedings fortune euer frownes.

My selfe I meane most subiect vnto thrall,

For I the more I seeke to shun the worst:

The more by prooffe I find my selfe accurst:

Ere whiles assaulted with an vgly beare,

Fayre *Amadine* in company all alone,

Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,

Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:

For death it was. for to resist the beare.

And

of Mucedorus

And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accursed I in lingring life thus long,
In leeuing thus each minute of an hower
Doth pierce my hart with dartes of thousand deathes:
If she by flight her fury doe escape,
What will she thinke;
Will she not say; yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyaltie,
A trustie friend is tride time of neede:
But I when she in danger was of death
And needed me, and cried *Segasio* helpe:
I turned my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what, what needes these plaintes
If *Amadine* do liue then happie I,
Shee will in time forgiue and so forget,
Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like.
In harmful hart to harbor hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running crying clubs.

Mouse. Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, billes, O helpe,
a beare, a beare, a beare.

Se. Still beares, and nothing else but beares.
Tell me firra wher she is;

Cl. O sir, she is runne downe the woods:
I see her wite head and her white belly.

Se. Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white bears,
But firra didst thou euer see any such;

Cl. No faith I neuer sawe any such,
But I remember my fathers woordes, (beare
Hee bad mee take heede I was not caught with a white
Se. A lamentable tale no dout.

B

Cl.

The Comedie

Clo. I tell you what sir as I was going a fildc to serue my fathers greate horse, & caried a bottly of hay vpon my head, now doe you see sir, I fast hudwinckt, that I could see nothing, perceiuing the beare conning, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Se. What from nothing;

Clo. I warrant you yes, I saw something, for there wastow loade of thornes besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Se. But tell me sirra, the beare that thou didst see, Did she not beare a bucket on her arme;

Clo. Ha ha, ha, I neuer saw beare goe a milking in all my life.

But hark you sir, I did not looke so hie as her arme: I saw nothing but her whit head, and her whit belly.

Se. But tell me sirra, where doost thou dwell;

Clo. Why, doe you not knowe mee.

Se. Why no, how should I know thee.

Clo. Why then you know no bodie, and you knowe not mee' I tell you sir I am the goodman rats son of the next parish ouer the hill.

Se. Goodman rats son why whats thy name,

Clo. why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Se. I thinke so, but whats thy name?

Clo. My name, I haue very pretie name lletel you what my name is: my name is *Mause*,

Se. vwhat plaine *Mause*.

Clo. I, plaine mouse with out either welt or garde. But doe you heare sir I am but a very young mouse, For my taile is scarce growne out yet, looke you here els.

Se. But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Fayth sir I know not that, but if you would faine know

of Mucedorus

know, aske my fathers greatchorse, for he hath bin halfe
a yeare longer with my father then I haue.

Se. This seemes to be a merrie fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me,
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,
A merrie man, a merrie master makes.
How saist thou sirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clō. Nay soft sir, tow words to a bargaine, praie you
what occupation are you?

Se. No occupation, I liue vpon my landes.

Clō. Your lands, a way, you are no maister for me, why
doe you thinke that I am so mad, to go seke my living
in the lands amongst the stones, briars, and bushes,
and teare my holy day apparell, not I by your leaue.

Se. Why, I do not meane thou shalt.

Clō. How then?

Se. Why thou shalt be my man, and waite vpon me
at the court.

Clō. Whats that?

Se. Where the King lies.

Clō. Whats that same King a man or woman?

Se. A man as thou arte.

Clō. As I am, hatke you sir pray you what kin is he to
good man king of our parish the church warden?

Se. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

Clō. king of the land, I neuer see him.

Se. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him e-
uerie day.

Clō. shal I go home againe to be torne in peces with
beares, no not I, I wil go home & put on a cleane shirt,
and then goe drowne my selfe.

Se. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me,
thou shalt want nothing.

The Comedie

Cl. Shall I not? then heares my hand, ile dwell with you,
And harke you sir, now you haue entertained me, I wil
tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tougue from
picking aud stealing, and my handes from lying and
flaundering, I warrant you, as wel as euer you had man.
in all your life.

Sc. Now will I to court with sorrowfull hart, rownd-
ded with doubts, if *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I: yea
happie I if *Amadine* doe liue.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King with a young prince prisoner,
Amadine with Colen and counsellors.*

King Now braue Lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes the foile and we in safetie rest,
It vs behoues to vse such clemencie in peace
As valour in the warre -
It is as great honor to be bountifull at home,
As to be conquerers in the field.
Therefore my Lords the more to my content,
Your liking, and your countries safegarde,
We are disposed in marriage for to giue
Our daughter to Lord *Segasto* heare,
Who shall succede the diadem after me:
And raigue heereafter as I tofore haue done
Your sole and lawfull King of Arragon:
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduise?

Col. And please your Maiesty, we doe not onely a-
lowe of your highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithful-
ly in what we may to further it.

King. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adroftus* line
Hec will at full requite your curtesies.

Tremelio in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

of Mucedorus

Take vnto thee the Catalone aprince,
Latelic our prisoner taken in the warres
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine,
Wee'l thinke of it when leasure shall afforde:
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thanks to your Maiestie, his vsage shalbe such,
As he therat shall thinke no cause to grutce.

Exeunt.

King Then march we on to court, and rest our wearied limmes
But *Collen*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee:
When thou shalt heare a watch woord from thy king,
Thinke then some waightie matter is at hand
That highlie shall concerne our state,
Then *Collen* looke thou be not farre from me;
And for thy seruice thou to fore hast done,
Thy trueth and valour proude in euerie point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:
So guard vs to the court.

Col. What so my soueraigne doth commaund me doe,
With willing mind I gladly yeeld consent *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto and the Clowne, with weapons about him

Se. Tel me sirra, how doe you like your weapons;

Clo. O verie wel, verie wel, they keep my sides warme.

Se. They keep the dogs from your shins very well
doe they not;

Clo. How, keep the dogs from my shins, I woul
scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Se. Well sirra, leauing idle talke, tell me:
Dost thou know captaine *Tremelios* chamber;

Clo. I verie well, it hath a doore

Se. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber
But dost thou know the man.

Bj

Ch.

The Comedie

Clo. I forsooth he hath a nose on his face.

Se. Why so hath euery on.

Clo. Thats more then I know.

Se. But doest thou remember the captaine, that was heere with the king euennow, that brought the yong prince prisoner?

Clo. O verie well.

Se. Go vnto him and bid him come to me,
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him,

Clo. I wil master, master whats his name?

Se. Why captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. O the meale man, I knowe him verie well,

He brings meale euery saturday: but harke you master
must I bid him come to you or must you come to him

Se. No sir, he must come to me.

Clo. Harke you master, how if he be not at home.
What shall I doe then?

Se. Why then leaue worde with some of his folkes.

Clo. Oh maister, if there be no bodie within,
I will leaue word with his dog.

Se. Why can his dog speake?

Clo. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber els.

Se. To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

Clo. Nay be ladie then go your selfe.

Se. You will go sir, wil yenot?

Clo. Yes marrie will I, O tis come to my head,
And a be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Se. What wilt thou plucke down the Kings house?

Clo. Nay be ladie Ile knowe the price of it first.

Master it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it a-
gaine I praye you tell me his name.

Se. I tell thee captaine *Tremelio*.

Clo. Oh captaine treble knaue, captaine treble knaue

Ente

of Mucedorus.
Right Honorable I am here, Sir will you please me?

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirra, doost thou call mee?

Clo. You must come to my maister captain treble knave

Tre. My Lord Segasto. did you send for mee.

Se. I did Tremelio, sirra about your businesse.

Clo.. I marry, whats that can you tell

Se. No not well.

Clo. Marrie then I can straight to the kitchen dresser, to John the cooke, and get me a good peece of beefe and brewis, and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the butler, for a iack of beere, and there for an houre I also be labour my selfe, therefore I pray you cal me not till you thinke I have done, I pray you good mayster.

Se. Wel, fir away.

Tremelio this it is, thou knowest the valour of Segasto
Spred through all the kingdome of Arragon,
And such as hath found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any tyme, but now a shepherd,
Admired at in court for worthynesse.
And Segastoes honour layd a side.
My wil therefore is this, that thou dost find som meanes
to worke the shepheardes death, I know thy streng h
sufficient to performe my desire, & thy loue no other
wise then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a shepheard that Tremelio
feares.

Therefore account it accomplished, what I take in hand

Se. Thankes good Tremelio, and assure thy selfe,

What I promise that will I performe.

Tre. Thankes my good Lord, and in good time
See where he commeth, stand by a while.
And you shall see me put in practise your intended,
driftes.

The Comedie

Haue at thee swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

*Mu. Vild coward, so without cause to strike a man.
Turne coward turne, now strike and doe thy worst.*

Mucedorus killeth him.

Se. Hould shepheard hould, spare him, kill him not,
ccursed villaine, tell me what hast thou done.

*Ah Tremelio, trustie Tremelio, I sorrow for thy death, &
And since that thou liuing, didst prooue faithfull to
Segasto, so Segasto now liuing shall honoure the dead ||
corpes of Tremelio with reuenge.*

*Bloud thirsty villaine, borne and bredde to mercilesse
murther,*

Tell me how durst thou be so bold.

As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine.

Assure thy selfe, thou shalt be vsd according to the law.

Mu. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse

*Accuse not me of murther, that haue done nothing
but in mine owne defence.*

Se. Nay shepheard reason not with me.

Ile manifest thy fact vnto the King:

Whose doome will be thy death as thou deseruist,

What hoe, Mouse come away.

Clo. Why hovv novv, vvhats the matter.

I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Se. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clo. Why is he drunke, cannot he stand on his feet.

Se. No, he is not drunke, he is slaine.

Clo.

Of Mucedorus

Clo. Flaine, no by Ladie he is not flaine.

Se. Hees kild I tell thee.

Clo. What, doe you vse to kil your friends.
I will serue you no longer.

Se. I tell thee the shepheard kild him.

Clo. O did a so, but master, I will haue al his apparel-
if I carry him away.

Se. Why so thou shalt.

Ch. Come then I will heape, mas master I thinke his
mother song looby to him he is so heauie.

Exeunt.

Mu. behold the fickle state of man, alwaies mutable,
neuer at one.

Somtimes we feed on fancies with the sweete of our
desires.

Somtimes againe vve feele the heat of extreame mi-
serie.

Novv am I in fauour about the court and countrie.

To morrow those fauours vwill turne to frownes,

To daie I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me,

Exeunt.

Enter Brema a wild man.

Bre. No passengers this morning, vwhat not one.

A chance that seldome doth befall.

What not one. then lie thou there,

And rest thyselfe til I haue further neede:

Novv Brema sith thy leasure so affords.

An endlesse thing, vwho knowes not Bremoes strength

Who like a king commander vwithin these vvoods,

The beare, the boare, dares not abide my fight,

But

The Comedie

But hastes away to saue themselves by flight:
The christall waters in the bubbling brookes,
When I come by doth swiftly slide away,
And claps themselves in closets vnder bankes,
Afraide to looke bold *Bremo* in the face:

The aged oaks at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,
And all things els are still at my commaund,
Els What would I?

Rent them in peeces and plucke them from the earth,
And each waie els I would reuenge my selfe,
Why who comes heere with whome I dare not fight,
Who fights with me & doth not die the death; not on:
What fauour shewes this sturdie sticke to those,
That heere within these woods are combataines with
me?

Why death and nothing else but present death,
With restlessse rage I wander through these woods,
No creature heere but feareth *Bremoes* force,
Man, woman, child, beast and bird,
And euery thing that doth approch my sight,
Are forst to fall if *Bremo* once but frowne,
Come cudgel come, my partner in my spoiles,
For heere I see this daie it will not be,
But when it falles that I encounter anie,
One pat suffised for to worke my wil.
What comes not one? then lets begon,
A time vwill serue vwhen vve shal better speed.

Exit.

*Enter, the King, Segasto, the Shepheard
and the Clowne with others.*

King. Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is laid to thy charge,

What

of Mucedorus.

What canst thou say, thou hast deserued death;
Mu. Dread soueraigne, I must needes confesse,
I slewe this captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice but by chance,
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Se. woords will not heere preuaile,
I seek for iustice, & iustice craues his death.

King. Shepheard thine owne confession hath condem-
ned thee.

Sirra take him away, & doe him to execution straight.

Clo. So hee shall I warrant him, but doe you heare
maister King, he is kin to a monkie, his necke is bigger
then is head.

Se. Com sirra away with him, and hang him about
the middle.

Clo. Yes forsooth I warrant you, come on sir, a so like
a sheepe biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine and a boie with a beares head

Ama. Dread soueraigne and welbeloued sire.

On bended kees I craue the life of this condemned
shepheard, which heertofore preserued the life of thy
sometime distressed daughter.

K. preserued the life of my sometime distressed daughter
How can that be; I neuer knew the time

Whrein thou wast distressed, I neuer knew the daie

But that I haue maintained thy state,

As best beseemd the daughter of a king

I neuer saw the shepheard vntil now,

Hovv comes it then that he preserud thy life?

Ama. Once vvalkeing vvith *Segasto* in the woods,

Further then our accustomed manervvas,

The Comedie

Right before vs downe a steepe fal hill,
A monstrous vgly beare doth hie him fast
To meete vs both, now whether this bee trewe,
I referre it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Se. Most trewand like your maiestie.

King. How then?

Ama. The beare being eager to obtaine his praie;
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once,
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread,
But speciallie your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour incident
But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate,
And he most cowardlike began to fly.
Left me distrest to be deuourd of him,
How say you *Segasto* is it not true?

K. His silence verifies it to be true, what then?

Ama. Then I am as distressed all alone,
Did he me fast to scape that vgly beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes,
Till at the length this shepheard came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither boy, loe heere it is, which I present vnto
your maiestie.

Ki. The slaughter of this beare deserves great fame.

Se. The slaughter of a man deserves greate blame.

King. Indeed occasion oftentimes so fallies out.

Se. *Tremelio* in the wars, *O King* preserued thee, (me.

Ama. The shepheard in the woods *O king* preserued

S. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.

Ama. So would the shepheard had he bin in field

Clo. So would my maister, had he not run away.

Se.

of Mucedorus

Sc. Tremalius force saved thousands from the foe.

Ama. The shepherds force have saved thousand,
more.

Clo. Aye shipstickes, nothing else.

King. Segasto cease to accuse the shepherd,
His woorthynesse deserues a recompence,
All we are bound to doe the shepherd good: die,
Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence, thou shouldst
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Se. Thanks to your maiestie.

King. But lo! *Segasto*, not for this offence,
Long maist thou liue, and when the fisters shal decree
To cut in twaine the twisted thread of life,
Then let him die, for this I set thee free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.

Mu. Thanks to your maiestie.

King. Come daughter let vs now departe, to honour
the worthy valour of the shepherd with our rewards.

Exeunt.

Clo. O mayster heare you, you haue made a freshe
hand now you would be slowe you, why what will
you doe now? you haue lost me a good occupation by
the meanes, Faith maister now I cannot hang the shep-
heard, I pray you let me take the paines to hang you,
it is but halfe an houre exercise.

Se. You are still in your knauery, but sith I cannot
haue his life I will procure his banishment for euer.
Come on firra.

Clo. Yes forsooth I come laugh at him I pray you.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. From *Amadine* and from her fathers court,
With gold and siluer and vvith rich reyardes,

The Comedie

Flowing from the bankes of golden treasuries,
More may I boast and say but I,
Was neuer sheheard in such dignitie,

Enter the messengers and the clowne.

Mess. All hayle worthy sheheard.

Clo. All rayne lowsie sheheard.

Mu. Welcome my frindes, from whence come you;

Mess. The King and *Amadine* greetes thee well,
And after greetings done, bids thee depart the court,
sheheard begon.

Clo. Sheheard take lawe legs, flye away sheheard

Mu. Whose wordes are these? came these from
Amadine?

Mess. Aye from *Amadine*.

Clo. Aye from *Am ladine*.

Mu. Ah luckelesse fortune worse then *Phaeton's* tale,
My former bleſſe is now become my bale.

Clo. What wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Mu. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clo. The worſt ale houſe that I euer came in, in al my
life.

Mu. What ſhall I doe,

Clo. Euen goe hang thy ſelfe halfe an power.

Mu. Can *Amadine* ſo chureliſhly commaund.

To baniſh the ſheheard from her Fathers court?

Mess. What ſhould ſheheardes doe in the court,

Clo. What ſhould ſheheardes doe amongſt vs, haue
we not Lordes inough on vs in the courte?

Mu. Why ſheheardes are men, and kinges are no
more. (flocke

Mess. Sheheardes are men and maiſters ouer their

Clo.

of Mucedorus

Cl. Thats a lie who payes them their wages then?

Mes. Well you are alwayes interrupting of me,
But you are best looke to him least you hang for him
when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne sings.

Cl. And you shall hang for companie,
For leauing me alone.

Shepherd stand foorth and heare thy sentence,
Shepherd begone within three dayes in payne of,
My displeasure, shepherd begon, shepherd begon,
begon, begon, begon, shepherd, shepherd, shepherd
Exit.

Mu. And must I goe, and must I needs depart?
Ye goodly groues partakers of my songes
In tyme tofore when fortune did not frowne,
Powre foorth your plaints and waile a while with me
And thou bright sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse,
Ye holosome hearbes, and sweete smelling saouours,
Ye each thing els prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That l'uanting your aide, in woefull fort may die,

Enter Amadine.

Ama. *Ari.* if any body aske for mee,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call.

Ama. Do thou the like to him, I mean not to stay long.

Mu. This voyce so sweet my pining spirites reuiues

Ama. Shepherd, wel met tel me how thou doest.

Mu. I linger life yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepherd, although thy banishment already be
decreed

The Comedie

decreed and all agaynst thy will, yet *Amadine*.

Mu. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment is death,
I double death to me, but since I must depart, one thing
I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Mu. That in absence either farre or neere.
You honor me as seruant with your name.

Ama. Not so.

Mu. And vwhy?

Ama. I honour thee as soueraigne with my heart.

Mu. A shepheard and a soueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

Mu. Yet great dislike or els no banishment.

Ama. Shepheard, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy
banishment.

Mu. Vnworthy wightes are most in ielosie

Ama. Would God they would free the from banish-
ment, or likewise banish mee.

Mu. Amen say I, to haue your companie.

Ama. Well shepheard, sith thou sufferest this for my
sake, with thee in exile also let me liue.

On this condition shepheard thou canst loue.

Mu. No longer loue no longer let me liue?

Ama. O flat I loued one indeed, now loue I none but
onely thee.

Mu. Thanks wortheie princes I borne likewise,
Yet smother vp the blast,

I dare not promise what I may performe,

Ama. Well shepheard, hearken what I shall say,

I will returne vnto my Fathers court.

Therefore to provide me of such necessaries,

As for our iourney, I shall thinke most fit,

This being done I will returne to thee,

Of Mucedorus

Doe thou therefore appoint the place where we may meete.

Mu. Downe in the valley where I slue the beare,
And there doth grow a faire broade branched beach,
That ouer shades a well, so who comes first
Let them abid the happie meeting of vs both.
How like you this?

Ama. I like it very wel.

Mu. Now if you please you may appoint the time,

Ama. Full three hours hence God willing, I will
returne.

Mu. The thanks that *paris* gaue the grecian queene
the like doth Mucedorns yeeld.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for threee howres farewell.

Exit

Mu. Your departure ladie breeds a priuie paine.

Exit.

Enter Segastofolus.

Se. Tis well *Segasto* that thou hast thy will,
Shoul'd such a shephard, such a simple swaine
As he, eclips thy credite famous through the court,
No ply *Segasto* ply; let it not in Arragon be saide,
A shephard hath *Segato*es honour wonne.

Enter Mause the clowne calling his maister

Clo. What hoe maister will you come away; (ter?

Se. Will you come hither I pray you, whats the mat-

Clo. Why, is it not past a leauen a clock.

Se. How then sir.

Clo. I pray you com away to dinner:

Se. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Heres such a doe with you, wil you neuer come.

Se. I pray you sir what newes of the message I sente
you about,

Clo. I tell you all the messes be on the table alreadie,

D

There

The Comodie

There wants not so much as a messe of mustard halfe
an novver agoe.

Se. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly.
You haue forgotten vwhat I did bid you doe,

Clo. Faith I knowve nothing, but you bad me goe to
breakfast.

Se. Was that all;

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the verie sent of the
meate made me hath forget it quite.

Se. You haue forgotten the arrant I bid you doe.

Clo. What arrant, an arrant knaue, or arrant
whore;

Se. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the
shepherd.

Clo. O the shephards bastard.

Se. I tell thee the shepheardes banishment.

Clo. I tel you the shepheards bastard shalbe vvel kept
ile looke to it my selfe else, but I pray you come avway
to dinner.

Se. Then you vvil not tell me vvwhether you haue ba-
nished him or noe;

Clo. Why I cannot say banishment and you vvould
giue me a thousand pounds to say so,

Se. Why you horson slaue, haue you forgotten, that
I sent you, and another to driue avway the shephard.

Clo. What an asse are you. heers a sturre in deecde
heeres message, arrant, banishment, and I cannot tell
what.

Se. I pray you sir, shall I knowv vvwhether you haue
droue him avway.

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue, and you vvill not belecue
me askemy staffe.

Se. Why can thy staffe tell.
Why he vvvas vvith me to.

Se

of Mucedorus

Se. Then happie I that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

Se. Come firra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you I will not loose an inch of you now you are going to dinner, I promise you I thought seauen yeare before I could get him away.

Exeunt.

Enter Amadine sola,

Ama. God grant my long delaie procures no harme
Nor this my tarring frustrate my pretence,
My *Mucedorus* surelie staies for me,
And thinks me ouer long, at length I come
My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue,
What is it which true loue dares not tempt
My father he may make but I must match,
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like,
Where likes her best, compulsion is a thrall,
No, no, the heartie choise is all in all,
The shephards vertue *Amadine* esteemes:
But what me thinks my shephard is not come?
I muse at that, the hower is sure at hande,
Well here ile rest till *Mucedorus* come.

Shee sits her downe.

*Enter Bremono looking about, hastily taketh
hould of her.*

Brem. A hapie pray, now *Brem* feede on flesh,
Dainties *Brem* dainties thy hungry panch to fill,
Now glut thy greedie guts with luke warme blood,
Come fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

Ama How can she fight that weapons cannot weeld?

Bre. What canst not fight? then lie thou downe and die.

Ama. What must I die?

The Comedie

Bre. What needes these words. I thirst to sucke thy

Ama. Yet pittie me and let me liue a while. (bloud

Bre. No pittie I, ile feed vpon thy flesh,
Ile teare thy bodie peecemeale ioynt from ioynt.

Ama. Ah now I want my shephards company.

Bre. ile crush thy bones betwixt tow oken trees.

Ama. Hast shephard hast or else thou comst to lat.

Bre. ile sucke the sweetnes from thy marie bones.

Ama. Ah spare ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood

Bre. With this my bat will I beate out thy braines
Down, down I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farevvell. my hoped ioies farevvell.

Yea farevvell life, and vvelcome present death,

Shee kneeles.

To thee O God I yeeld my dying ghost.

Bre. Now *Bremio* play thy part,

Hovv novv vvhat sudden chaunce is this.

My limmes do tremble and my sinevves shake

My vvveakned armes haue lost their former force:

Ah *Bremio*, *Bremio*, vvhat a foyle hast thou,

That yet at no time euer vvast afraide

To dare the greatest gods to fight vvith thee, *he strikes*

And novv vvant strength for one dovvnedriving blow

Ah hovv my courage failes vvhen I should strike,

Some newe come spirit abiding in my breast,

Shall I spare her *Bremio*, spare her, do not kill,

Sayth spare her which neuer spared any?

To it *Bremio* to it, say againe.

I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand,

Me thihkes I should not strik so faire a one,

I thinke her beawtie hath bewitcht my force

Or else vvith in me altered natures course,

ay woman, wilt thou liue in vvoods vvith me;

Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in vvoodes,

Bre

of Mucedorus

Bre. Thou shalt not chuse, it shalbe as I say & there
fore follow me. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu. It was my wil an hower a goe and more,
As was my promise for to make returne,
But other busines hindred my pretence.
It is a world to see when man appoints,
And purposelie one certaine thing decrees
How manie things may hinder his inten.
What once would with the same is farthest off:
But yet thappoynted time cannot be past,
Nor hath her presence yet preuented wee,
Well heere ile staie, and expect her comming.

They crie within, hold him, staie him, holde

Mu. Some one or other is pursued no doubt
Perhaps some search for me, tis good to doubt the
worst, therefore ile begone. *Exit.*

*Crie within hold him, hold him, Enter Mouse
the Clowne with a pot.*

Clo. Hold him, hold him hold him, heers a stir in deed
Heere came hewe after the crier, and I was set close
At mother Nips house, and there I calde for three
Pots of ale, as tis the manner of vs courtiers, now sirra,
I had taken the maiden head of tow of them.

Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there
came hold him, hold him, now I coulde not tell
whome to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one
perchance a maie be in this pot, well ile see, mas I can-
not see him yet, well ile looke a litle further, mas he is
a litle slaue if a be heere, why heers no bodie, al this
goes well yet: but if the olde trot shoulde come for her
pot, I marrie theres the matter but I care not, ile face
her out, and cal her ould rustie dustie mustie tustie
crustkie firebran, and worse then al that, and so face her

The Comedie

out of her pot: but softe heere she comes:

Enter the ould woman.

Old wo. Come on you knawe wheres my pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot: were good for you.

Old. Thou liest thou knaue thou hast my pot. (say

Clo. You lie and you say it, I your pot, I know what ile

Old. Why what wilt thou say.

Clo. But say I haue him and thou darste,

Old. VVhy thou knaue. thou hast not onelie my pot but my drinke vnpaide for.

Clo. You lie like an old I will not say whore.

Old. dost thou cal me whore, ile cap thee my for pot.

Clo. Cap me & thou darest, scarce me whether I haue it or no.

Shee searcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head and casts downe the pot, she stumbleth at it, then they fal together by the eares, she takes her pot and goes out. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto

Se. How now sirra, whats the matter;

Clo. Oh flies maister flies.

Se. Flies where are they?

Clo. Oh heere maister, all about your face.

Se. Why thou liest I think thou art mad. *least*

Clo. Why maister, I haue kild a duncart ful at the

Se. Go to sirra, leauing this idel talke giue care to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares? not & you were ten maisters.

Se. Why sir I bid you giue care to my wordes,

Clo. I tell you I will no be made a curtall for no mans pleasure

Se. I tell thee attend what I say goe thy waies straight and reare the whole towne. *Clo.*

Of Mucedorus

Clo. How reare the towne euen goe your selfe, it is more then I can doe, why doe you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a pot of ale to my heade? I should reare a towne should I not;

Se. Go to the cunstable and make a priuie search, for the shephard is runne away with the Kings daughter.

Clo. How? is the shephard run away with the kings daughter. or is the kings daughter runne away with the shephard.

Se. I cannot tell, but they are both gon together

Clo. What a foole is she to runne away with the shephard, why I thinke I am a litle handsomer man then the shephard my selfe, but tel me maister, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie;

Se. why dost thou thinke they will be there;

Clo. I cannot tell.

Se. Well then search euerie where, leaue no place vnsearched for them. *Exit.*

Col. Oh now am I in office, now wil I to that old firbrads house & wil not leaue one place vnsearched, nay ile to her ale stand & drink as long as I can stand, & when I haue done ile let out al the rest, to se if he be not hid in the barrel, & I find him not there, ile to the cubord, ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched, ye faith ye old crust I wil be with you now. *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Mu. Now Mucedorns whither wilt thou goe,
Home to thy father to thy native soile,
Or trie some long abode within these woods;
Well I will hence depart and hie me home,
What hie me home said I? that may not be.
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie

Then

The Comodie

Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree,
Attire thee hermite like, within these grouces,
Walke often to the beach and view the well.
Make settles there and seate thy selfe thereon,
And when thou feelest thy selfe to be a thirst,
Then drinke a heartie draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt she thinkes on thee,
And wil one day come pleg thee at this well:
Come habit thou art fit for me, *he disguiseth himselfe*:
No shepheard now, a hermit I must be:
Me thinkes this fits me verie well,
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,
And exercise some grauitie with all.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heers throw the wods, and throw the wods,
to looke out a shepheard & a stray kings daughter, but
solte who haue we heere, what art thou?

Mu. I am an hermit.

Clo. An emmet, I neuer saw such big emmet in all
my life before.

Mu. I tel you sir I am an hermit, one that leads a soli-
tarie life within these woods.

Clo. O I know the now, thou art her that eates vp al
the hips and hawes, we could not haue one peece of fat
bacon for thee al this yeare.

Mu. Thou dost mistake me, but I pray thee tell mee
what dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke, for a stray Kings daughter
runne away with a shephard: (hearde.

Mu. A stray Kings daughter runne away with a shep-
Wherefore canst thou tell?

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this, my maister and *Amadins*
walking one day abrod, nearer to these woods then
they wete vsed, about what I can not tell, but towarde
them

Of Mucedorus

them comes running a greate beare, now my maister he plaide the man and runne away, & *Amadine* crying after him: now sir comes me a shepheard & strikes off the beares head, now whether the bear where dead before or no I cannot tell for bring twentie bears before me and binde their hands & feete and ile kil them al: now euer since *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the shepheard, and for good wil shees euen runne away with the shepheard.

Mu. What manner of man was a, canst describe him vnto mee;

Clo. Scrib him aye I warrant you that I can, a was a littel, low, broad, tall, narrow, big wel fauoured fellow, a ierkin of whit cloath, and buttons of the same cloath.

Mu. Thou describest him wel, but if I chaunce to se any such, pray you wher shall I find you, or whats your name

Clo. My name is called maister mouse,

Mu. Oh maister mouse, I pray you what office might you beare in the court?

Clo. Marry sir I am a rusher of the stable.

Mu. O vsher of the table-

Clo. Nay I say rusher and ile prooue mine office good, for looke sir when any comes from vnder the sea or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strawe rushes presently, therefore I am a rusher, a hie office I promise ye.

Mu. But wher shall I find you in the Court?

Clo. Why where it is best being, either in the kitchen a eating or in the butterie drinking: but if you come I will prouide for thee a peece of beefe & brewis knockle deepe in fat, pray you take paines remember maister mouse.

Exit.

E

Mu.

The Comedie

Mu. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of the.
whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne.
with watch and warde eche passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne:
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woods.
And wandring too aud fro she seekes the vwell, (out
Which yet she cannot finde, therefore vwill I seek hers,
Exit.

Enter Bremono and Amadine,

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremos* & his vwoodes?

Ama. As like the vwoodes of *Bremoes* crueltie,
Though I were dombe and could not answer him,
The beastes themselves would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.

Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake lowder, for thy *Bremos* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremos*, no the shepheard is my loue.

Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuing thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue?
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie;
Come kisse me swete for all my fauours past.

Ama. I may not *Bremos* and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how shee flings away from me;
I will foollow and giue a rend to her,
Denie my loue, ah worne of beaurie (block
I wil chastice the: com, com, prepare thy head vpon the

Ama. Oh spare me *Bremos* loue should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of him selfe
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,
Encounter with the lion or the beare,
And a like wolfe pray not vpon a lambe.

Bre. Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my queene,

I will

Of Mucedorus

I will crowne thee with a complet made of Iuorie,
And make the rose and lilly wait on thee,
Ile rend the burley braunches from the oke,
To shadow thee from buring sunne,
The trees shall spred themselves where thou dost go,
And as they spread, ile trace along with thee,

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt bee fed with quailles and partridges
With blacke birds, larkes, thrushes and nightingales.
Thy drinke shall bee goates milke and cristal water,
Distilled from the fountaines & the clearest springs,
And all the dainties that the woods afforde.
Ile freely giue thee to obtaine thy loue.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. The day ile spend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleasures that I can deuise,
And in the night ile be thy bedfellow,
And ioungly embrace thee in mine armes.

Ama. One may, so may not you.

(the

Bre. The satyres & the woodnymphs shal attend on
And lull thee a sleepe with musickes founde,
And in the morning when thou dost awake
The lark shall sing good morne to my queene,
And whilst he singes ile kisse my *Amadine*.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Br. When thou art vp, the wood lanes shal be strawed
With violets, cowslips and swete marigolds,
For thee to trampel and to trace vpon,
And I will teach thee how to kill the deare,
To chase the hart and how to rowse the roe,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour mee,

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus,

Bre. Welcomd sir, an howre ago I lookt for such a gest

of Mucedorus

If men which liued tofore as thou dost now,
Wilie in wood, addicted ali to spoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,
Let me like *Orpheus* cause thee to returne
From murder, bloudshed and like cruellie,
What should we fight betor we haue a cause
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully.
Ile fight for thee.

Bre, Fight forme or die, or fight or els thou diest.

Ama. hold *Bremo* hold,

Bre, Away I say, thou troublest mee,

Ama. You promised me to make me your queenne.

Bre. I did, I meane no less.

Ama. You promised that I should haue my wil,

Bre., I did I meane no lesse. (both:

Amv. Then saue this hermits life, for he may saue vs

B. At hy request ile spare him, but neuer any after him
Say hermit what canst thou doe?

Mu. Ile waite on thee, sometime vpon the queene,
such freuice shalt thou shortly haue as *Bremo* neuer
had. *Exune*

Enter Segasto, the Clowne and Rumbelo.

Se. Come firs what shall I neuer haue you finde out
(*Amadine* and the shepheard)

Clo. And I haue bin through the woods, and through
the woods, and could see nothing but an emet.

R. Why I see thousand emets, thou meanest a little one,

Clo. Nay that emet that I saw was bigger then thou art

R. Bigger then I what a foole haue you to your man,
I pray you maister turne him away?

Se. But dost thou heare, was he not a man.

Clo. thinke he was, for he saide he did lead a salt-
seller life about the woods.

Se. Then wouldest say a solitarie life about the woods

The Comedie

Cl. I thinke it was so indeed.

R. I thought what a foole thou art.

Cl. Thou art a wise man, why he did nothing but sleepe since he went

Se. But tell me Mouse, how did he goe ;

Cl. In a whit gowne and a whit hat on his head, and a staffe in his hande.

Se. I thought so, it was a hermit that walked a solitarie life in the woods.

Se. Well, get you to dinner, and after neuer leaue seeking til you bring some newes of them, or ile hang you both.

Exit.

Cl. How now Rombelo, what shall we do now;

R. Faith ile home to dinner, and afterwarde to sleep.

Cl. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

R. Faith I care not, for I know I shal neuer find them wel ile once more abroad, & if I cannot find them, ile neuer come home againe.

Cl. I tel thee what Rombelo, thou shal go in at one end of the wood and I at the other, and wee wil meete both together at the midst.

R. Content, lets awaie to dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Mu: Vnknowne to any heere within these woods
With bloodie Bremo do I lead my life,
The monster he doth murther all he meets,
He spareth none and none doth him escape,
Who would continue, vvho but onely I
In such a cruell cutthroates company.
Yet *Amadine* is there hovv can I choose;
Ah fillie soule hovv often times she sits

And

of Mucedorus

And sighes, and cals come shepheard come,
Svveete *Mucedorus*, come and let me free,
When *Mucedorus* pesent standes her by:
But here she comes, vvhat nevves faire Ladie as you
vvalke. these vvoods.

Enter *Amadine*. vvest.

Ama. Ah hermit, none but bad & such as thou kno-

Mu. Howv doe you like your *Bremo* and his vvoods;

Ama. Not my *Bremo* nor his *Bremo* vvoods;

Mu. And vvhy, not yours, me thinks he loues you vvel

Ama. I like him not, his loue to me is nothing vvroth

Mu. Ladie, in this methinkes you offer vvrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you best.

Ama. Ah hermit, I take no, pleasure in his loue.
Neither yet doth *Bremo* like me best.

Mu. pardon my boldnes faire ladie, sith vve both
May safely talke novv out of *Bremos* sight,
Vntould to me if so you please, the full discourse
Howv, vvhen and vvhy you came into these vvoods,
And fell into this blodie burchers hands. (you

Ama. Hermit I vvil, of late a vvorthie shepheard I did
loue.

Mu. A shephard lady, sure a man vnfit to match vvith

Ama. Hermit this is true, and vvhen vve had.

Mu. Staie there, the vvild men comes
Referre the rest vntill another time.

Enter *Bremo*. (heere;

What secret tale is this, vvhat vvhispering haue vvee
Villaine I charge the tell thy tale againe,

Mu. I needes I must, loe here it is againe,
When as vve both had lost the sight of thee
It greend vs both, but specially thy queene,
Who in thy absence euer feares the vvorst,
Least some mischance befall your royrll grace.

The Comodie

Shall my sweete *Breno* wander through the woods.
Toile to and fro for to redresse my want,
Hazard his life and all to cherishe me,
I like not this quoth she
And thereupon craude to know of me
If I coulde teach her handle weapons well.
My aunswerh was I had small skill therein,
But gladmost mightie king to learne of thee.
And this was all.

Bre. Whast so, none can dislike of this,
Ile teach you both to fight, but first my queene begin,
Here take this weapon, see how thou canst vse it.

Ama. This is to big, I cannot weeld it in my arme.

Bre. Ist so, weelc haue a knotty crabtree staffe for thee:
But sirra tell me, what saist thou.

Mu. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my stafe & see how canst weeld it.

Mu. First teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou houldest it well, looke how he doth thou
maist the sooner learne.

Mu. Next tell me how and when tis best to strike.

Bre. Tis best to strike when time doth serue, tis best to
loose no time.

Mu. Then now or neuer is my time to strike.

Bre. And vwhen thou strikest, be sure thou hit the head

Mu. The head;

Bre. The verie heade. *he striks him downe deade*

Mu. Then haue at thine, so lie there and dic,
A death no dout acording to desert.
Or else a vvorse as thou deseruest a vvorse.

Ama. It glads my heart this tirants death to see.

Mu. Now ladie it remaines in you to end the tale you
latelic had begunne, being interrupted by this vvicked
vvight. You

Of Mucedorus

You said you loved a shepheard,

Ama. I so I doe, and none but only him.
And will do stil as long as life shall last

Mu. But tell me ladie, sith I set you free,
What course of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I wil disguised wander through the world
Til I haue found him out,

Mu. How if you find your shephard in these woods?

Ama. Ah none so happie then as *Amadine*.
He disguiseth himselfe.

Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much,
Say Ladie doe you know your shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus* hath he set me free?

Mucedorus he hath set thee free.

Ama. And liued so long vnknowne to *Amadine*.

Mu. Ay thats a question where of you may not
be relolued,

You know that I am banisht from the court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne,
Therefore my will is this, that we retorne
Right throught the thickets to the wild mans caue:
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntil the search and narrow watch be past.
This is my counsel, and I thinke it best.

Ama I thinke the verie same.

Mu. Come lets begone.

*The Clowne searches and fals ouer the
wild man and so carry him away.*

Clo. Nay soft sir are you heere. abots on you,
I was like to be hang'd for not finding you,
We would borrow a certaine stray kings daughter of
you, a wench, a wence sir we would haue.

Mu. A wench of me ile make thee eat my sword.

The Comedie

Clo. Oh Lord, nay and you are so lustie Ile cal a cooling card for you, ho maister, maister come away quick lie.

Enter Segasto.

Se. Whats the matter;

Cl. Looke maister, *Amadine* & the shepheard, oh braue

Se. What minion, haue I found you out;

Clo. Nay thats alie, I found her out my selfe.

Se. Thou gadding hufwife, what cause hadst thou to gadabroade,

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nie?

Ama. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand,
Shew your assurance, then ile answere you.

Se. Thy fathers promise my assurance is.

Ama. But what he promist he hath not performde,

Se. It rests in thee for to performe the same:

Ama. No? I.

Se. And why;

Ama. So is my will, and therefore euen so.

Clo. Maister with anone, none noe.

Se. A wicked villant art thou here?

Mu. What needes these wordes we way them not?

Se. We way them not proud shepheard, I skorne thy companie.

Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie.

Mu. I skorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Clo. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs
nondo.

Se. This stoutnesse *Amadine* contents me not.

Ama. Then seeke an other that may you better please

Mu. Well *Amadine*, it onelie rests in thee
Without delay to make thy choise of three,
There stands *Segasto*, here a shepheard stands,
There stands the third, now make thy choise,

Clo.

Of Mucedorus

Clo. A Lord at the least I am.

Am. My choise is made, for I will none but thee.

Se. A worthy mate no doubt for such a wife.

Mu. And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy father did,
I haue no landes for to maintaine thy state.
Morcouer if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly this must be thy vse,
To bed at midnight, vpon fowre,
Drudge all daie and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dailie vittell for to winne:
And last of all which is the worst of all,
No princes then but plaine a shepheards wife.

Clo. Then god ge you god morrow goody shepheard

Ama. It shall not neede if *Amadine* do liue,
Thou shalt be crowned king of *Arragon*,

Clo. Oh maister laugh, when hees King then ile be
a queene.

Mu. Then know that which nere tofore was known
I am no shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,
But borne of Royall blood, my fathers of *Valentia*
King, my mother queene, who for thy secret sake
Tooke this hard task in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is so good,

Se. Weill now I see, *Segasto* shall not speede
But *Mucedorus*, I as much do ioy
To see thee herewithin our Court of *Arragon*,
As if a kingdome had befallne me this time,
I with my heart surrender it to thee.

He giueth her vnto him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue?

Col. What barnes doore and borne where my father
F2 was

The Comedie

Was cunstable. a botson thee, how dost thee.

Ma. Thanks *Segasto*, but yet you leueld at the crowne,

Clo. Maister beare this and beare all.

Se. Why so sir.

Clo. He sees sees you take a goose by the crowne.

Se. Go to sir, away, post you to the king,
Whose hart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp and tell him these good newes,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

Clo. I goe maister, I runne maister.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and Colleen

K. Break heart and end my paled woes,
My amadine the comfort of my life,
How can I ioy except she were in sight.
Her absence breeds sorrow to my soule
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

Clo. Forbear those passions gentle King,
And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioie.

K. Such ioie as death, I do assure me that,
And naught but death, vnlesse of her I heare,
And that with speede, I cannot sigh thus long
But what a tumult doe I heare within.

The crie within ioie and happinesse.

Clo. I heare a noyse of ouer-passing ioie

Within the court, my Lord be of good comfort.
And heere comes one in hast,

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King, a King, a King.

Col. Why how now surra, whats the matter?

Clo. O tis nevvies for a king tis vwoorth money.

King

of Mucedorus

K. Why sirra, thou shalt haue siluer and gold if it bee good.

Clo. Otis good, tis good, *Amadine.*

K. Oh what of her, tell me? & I will make thee a knight

Clo. How a spirit? no by ladie, I will not be a spirit, Maisters get ye away, if I be a spirit, I shall be so leane I shall make you all afraide.

Cob. Thou sot, the King meanes to make thee a gentleman.

Clo. Why I shall want parrell.

King. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then stand away, trick vp thy selfe, heere they come.

Enter Segasto Mucedorus and Amadins.

Ama. My gracious father pardon thy disloyal daughter

K. What do mine eies be hould my daughter *Amadine*
Rise vp dere daughter & let these my embrasing armes
Shew some token of thy father ioie,
Which euer since thy departure hath lauguished in
sorrow:

Mu. Deare father, neuer were your sorrows
Greater then my griefes,
Neuer you so deloate as I comfortlesse,
Yet neuerthelessse acknowledging my selfe
To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humblie ctaue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee deare daughter; but as for him.

Ama. Ah father what of him,

King. Assure as I am a king, and weare the crowne,
I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

Mu. Yet worthy prince worke not thy will in wrath
shew fauour.

The Comodie

K. I, such fauour as thou deseruest.

Mu. I do deserue the daughter of a king.

K. Oh impudent, a shepheard and so insolent.

Mu. No shepheard I, but a worthy prince.

King. In farre conceit, not princelie borne.

Mu. Yes princely borne my father is a king.
My mother Queene, and of Valentia both.

K. What *Mucedorns*, welcome to our court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised?

Mu. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this desiring thy daughters vertues for to see
Disguised my selfe from out my fathers court,
Vnknownen to any in secret I did rest,

And passed many troubles neere to death,
So hath your daughter my partaker bin,
As you shall know heereafter more at large,
Desiring you, you will giue her to mee,
Euen as mine owne and soueraigne of my life
Then shall I thinke my trauels are wel spent.

King. With all my heart: but this.

Segasto claimes my promise made to fore,
That he should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my counsel when we came from war
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe.

And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorns*;

Se. With all my heart, were it far a greater thing,
And what I may to furnish vp there rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

King. Thankes good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.

Mu. Thankes good my Lord, & while I liue
Account of me in what I can or maie.

Ama. And good *Segasto* these great curtesies
Shall not be forgot.

(done?)

Clo. Why haike you maister, bones what haue you
What

of Mucedorus

What giuen away the wench you mademe take such
paines for, you are wise indeed, mas and I had knowne
of that I would haue had her my selfe. faith master now
wee maie goe to breakefast with a woodcok pie.

Se. Goe sir you were best leaue this knauerie-

K. Come on my Lordes, lets now to court
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest daie
That euer hapt to a distressed King,
With mirth and ioy and greate solemnitie,
Weele finish vp these hymens rightes most pleasant
lie,

Clo. Hoe Lordes at the first, I am one to, but heare
maister King by your leaue a cast, now you haue done
with them, I praie you begin with me.

K. Why what wouldest thou haue;

Clo. O you forgot, now, a little apparrell to makes
handsome what should Lordes goe so beggerlie as I
doe?

K. What I did promise thee, I will performe, attende
on mee, come lets depart.

They all speake.

Weele waite on you with all our hearts.

Clo. And with a peece of my liuer to.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedie and Enuie.

Comedie. How now *Enuie*, what blushest thou all
readie,

Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a womans deeds,
Thy threatnes were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt
Although thou seemest to crosse me with despite,

The Comodie

Touerwhelme, and turnde vpside downe thy blocke
And made thy selfe to tumble at the same.

En. Though stumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildenesse,
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast don well,
And plaide thy part with merth and pleasant glee:
Saie all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou hast got yet not the conquest
neither.

A double reuenge another time ile haue:

Co. Then canst thou cursed, stoope vpon thy knee,
Yelde to a woman, though not to mee,
And pray we both together with our hearts,
That she thrice Nestors yeares may with vs rest,
And from her foes high God defend her still,
That they against her may neuer wooke thir will.

En. Enue were he neuer so stoute
Would becke and bowe vnto her maiestie,
Indeede *Comodie* thou hast ouerrunne me now,
And forst me stoope vn to a womans fwaie.
God grant her grace amongst vs long may raigne,
And those that would not haue it soe,
Would that by enue soone their heartes they might
forgoe.

Co. The Counsell, Noble, and this Realme,
Lord guide it stil with thy most holy hand,
The Commons and the subiectes grant them grace,
Their prince to serue, her to obey, & reason to deface:
Long maie she raine, in ioy and greate felicitie,
Each Christian heart do saie amen with me,

Exeunt.

FIN IS.

